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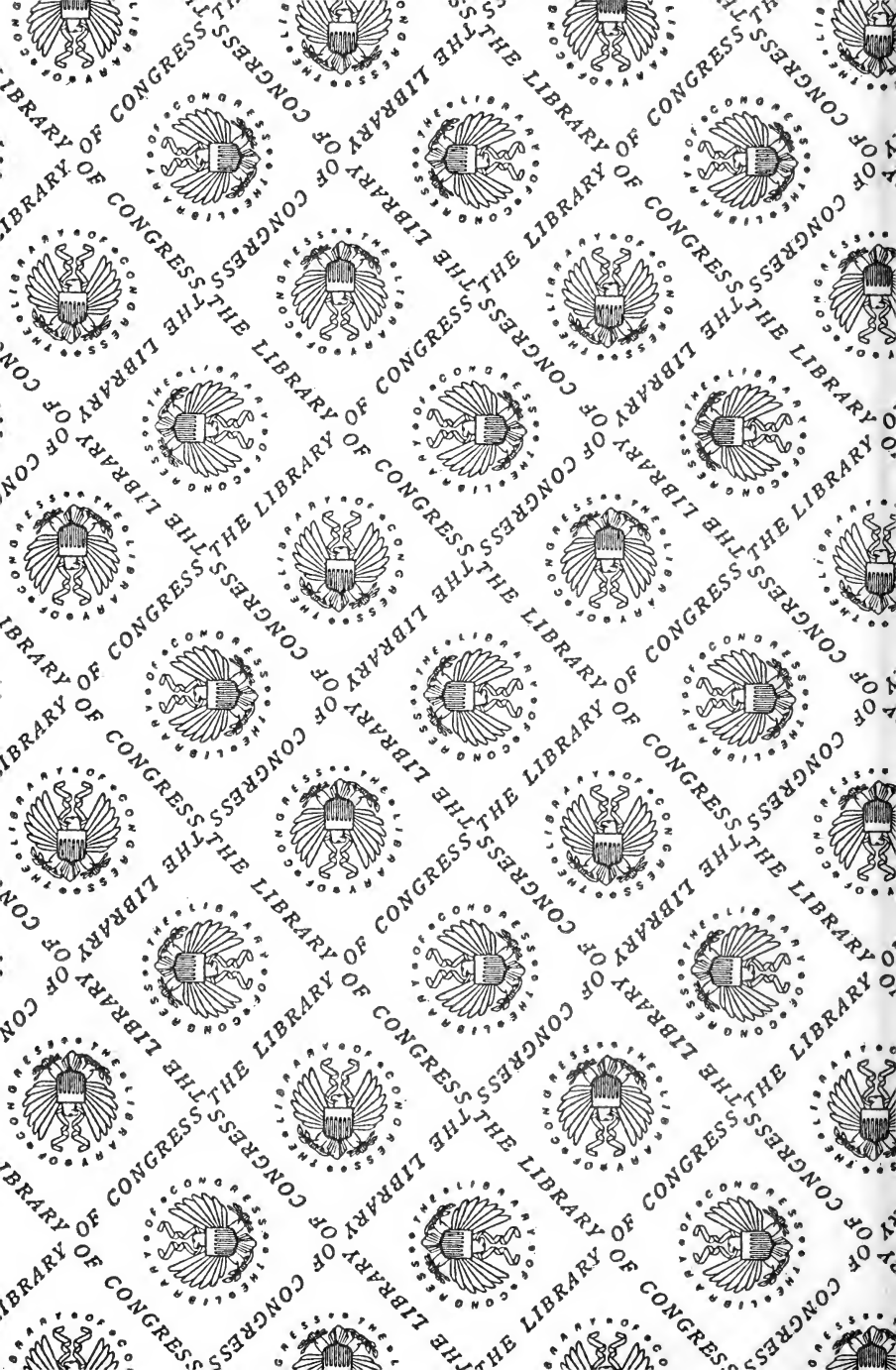
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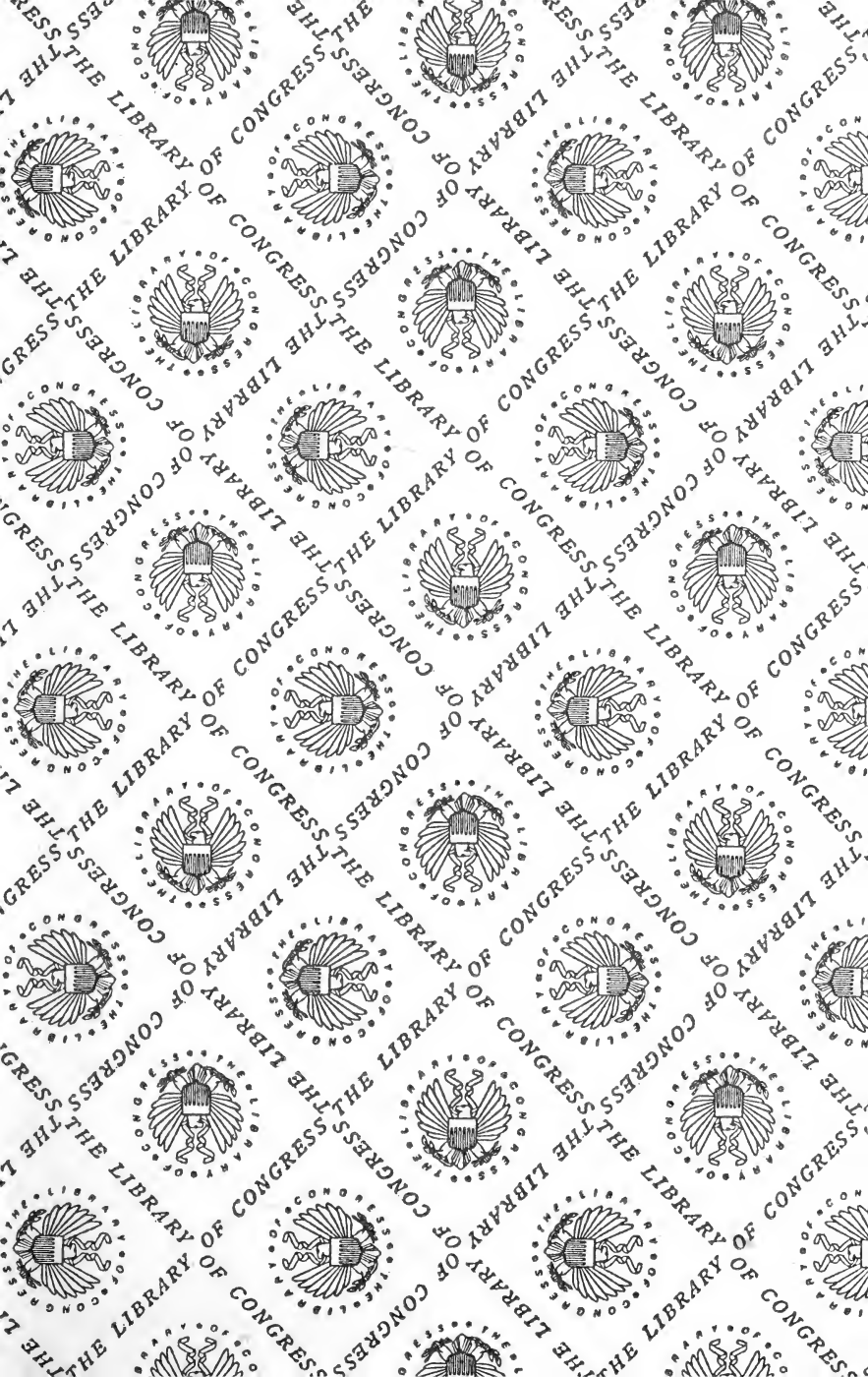
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# SONGS OF HOPE

BY  
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BOSTON  
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

1915

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Sept 17.15.  
4.7.18

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## **SONGS OF HOPE**



## THE SONG OF A BIRD IN THE RAIN

*None of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.—*  
Psalm 34:22.

THOUGH the rain may fall and the wind be blowing,  
And cold and chill is the wintry blast,

Though the cloudy sky is still cloudier growing,  
And the dead leaves tell that summer has  
passed,

My face I hold to the stormy heaven,  
My heart is as calm as the summer sea,  
Glad to receive what my God has given,  
Whate'er it be.

When I feel the cold I can say, "He sends it,"  
And His wind blows blessing I surely know,  
For I've never a want but that He attends it,  
And my heart beats warm though the winds  
may blow.

The soft sweet summer was warm and glowing;  
Bright were the blossoms on every bough;  
I trusted Him when the roses were blowing;  
I trust Him now.

Small were my faith should it weakly falter  
Now that the roses have ceased to blow;  
Frail were the trust that now should alter,  
Doubting His love when the storm clouds  
grow.

If I trust Him once, I must trust Him ever,  
And His way is best, though I stand or fall;  
Through wind and storm He will leave me never;  
He sends it all.

Why should my heart be faint and fearing?  
Mighty He rules above the storm;  
Even the wintry wind is cheering,  
Showing His power to keep me warm.  
Never a care on my heart is pressing,  
Never a doubt can disturb my breast;  
Everything that He sends is blessing,  
For He knows best.

## HITHERTO

HITHERTO the Lord hath helped me.

By the promise of Thy word  
And the knowledge of Thy mercy,

In this hour I trust Thee, Lord.  
Dark the shadows press about me;

Great the terrors in my way;  
Yet I fear not; Thou art with me,  
Who hast ever been my stay.

By the memory of past sorrows  
When Thy saving power I knew,  
In this dark hour Thou wilt help me  
As Thou hast done hitherto.

Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.

Through deep waters I must go,  
And I see no hand extended  
And no earthly refuge know.

All Thy waves and all Thy billows  
Sweep across this heart of mine,  
My one comfort midst the tempest  
That I still can call them *Thine*.

Though I stand here blind and helpless,  
Nothing for myself can do,  
Yet I know that Thou wilt help me  
As Thou hast done hitherto.

Hitherto the Lord hath helped me;  
    Troubled, and yet not dismayed,  
Sorrowful, yet still rejoicing,  
    I will trust nor be afraid.  
He it is that overcometh:  
    Do I need, then, to be strong?  
His to fight the dreaded battle;  
    Mine the glad thanksgiving song.  
O my God and my Redeemer,  
    Thou whose aid is sure and true,  
I rejoice, for Thou *dost* help me,  
    As Thou hast done hitherto.



## “ AS THY DAYS ARE ”

FEAR not, although the road be rough and long  
Which thou must travel, and the dreary day  
Shows storms that linger in the heavens gray;  
Though hard to tell the right path from the  
    wrong,  
Though weak and worn when thou must needs  
    be strong,  
Dreading the struggle, longing down to lay  
Thy weary burden, and to flee away.  
Dear Heart, take courage; raise thy voice in  
    song,  
And go with joy on thine appointed road.  
There is no need for thee to be afraid;  
Thy heavy burden shall be borne for thee:  
For One shall guide thee. Rest on Him thy  
    load.  
Think on the promise which to thee was made,  
That as thy days are, so thy strength shall be.

## THE CONSUMING FIRE

As in the fiery furnace stood the three,  
Naught burning but the bonds that bound them  
fast,

While the great multitude looked on aghast,  
And, full of wonder, stilled their cries to see  
That like unto the Son of God seemed He  
Who stood among them till their trial was  
passed;

So may I, in Thy fiery furnace cast,  
Thy Holy Spirit's fire consuming me,  
Have burned away, before it is too late,  
My weary burdens, and the chains of sin,  
The things I dare not bring before Thy face,  
The clinging, hindering sins I love and hate.  
Burn, burn them all, and make me pure within,  
And my poor heart fit for Thy dwelling place.

## BROUGHT TO JUDGMENT

HELPLESS and hopeless, weak, and gone astray,  
Knowing herself so foul that once was fair,  
With hollow eyes and dark, disordered hair,  
She stood in terror, like a beast at bay.  
With guarded robes, the pure passed on their  
way.

The strong but drove her weakness to despair,—  
Woman and sinner! Why should they forbear?  
She heard the taunting crowd in wild dismay —  
But One had pity on her sad distress,  
And at His words her foes in shame forbore.  
Then tenderly He raised His hands to bless,  
And faint hope stirred within her bosom sore,  
And heartfelt longing after holiness.  
“Neither do I condemn thee. Sin no more.”

## GETHSEMANE

SILENCE, and stars, and gentle evening breeze  
That softly through the swaying branches  
    swept;  
Down in the darkness all the great world slept,  
Ignorant, careless, sinful and at ease,  
While One kept watch beneath the olive trees.  
Mighty the struggle, long the vigil kept;  
All the world's sorrow in the tears He wept;  
All the world's burdens bowed Him to His knees.

He rose, serene and strong, and full of power  
To solve the sad world's problems, still its strife,  
And wipe the tears away from weeping eyes.  
It was for this cause came He to that hour;  
Himself to be the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
In love, obedience, and in sacrifice.

## THE HERETIC'S PRAYER

ALONE, in prayer he bowed his aged head  
Before his God. These are the words he said:

“Father, whom I have sought for many years,  
Fainting and fasting, shedding bitter tears,  
Hearing a voice within that ever cried,  
‘Thou must find God ere thou be satisfied’;  
Father, I thank Thee that as here I bow,  
I feel Thy gracious presence with me now.  
Oft have I sinned. O Father, thanks again  
That on the unjust Thou dost send Thy rain.

“I may not in Thy temples bow the knee,  
And with Thy praying people worship Thee.  
They do not like to kneel beside me there;  
They think Thou dost not listen to my prayer.  
I thank Thee, Father, that Thy love is wide.  
Thou lovest them, and me, and all beside.  
I love to speak of Thee. They will not hear.  
They call their children from me, as in fear.  
I may be wrong. O Father, let it be  
That I may never drive one soul from Thee.

“I cannot hold their creed; yet it is sweet.  
I learned it sitting at my mother's feet.  
I yet can feel her tears fall on my head,  
When first she knew my faith in it was dead.  
When in Thy presence we together stand,

Father, I pray that she may hold my hand,  
For in that hour Thy question will not be,  
‘What things dost thou believe?,’ but ‘Lovest  
thou me?’

“Doubting the things that I had learned in  
youth,  
I toiled and struggled to find out Thy truth,  
Whilst in Thy wondrous patience Thou didst  
wait  
Until I came to know Thee. Ah, how great  
The love and mercy to my heart revealed.  
My burdens left me and my wounds were healed,  
Content to lift my head in shower and sun  
As Thy fair lilies do, my struggles done.

“I have not yet grown wise in doctrine; still  
Thou wilt reveal it as I do Thy will.  
Creeds are like walls, which into ruins fall,  
And I can see my God behind them all.  
I trust Thee. In Thy wondrous love I rest,  
Weak, poor, and foolish, yet supremely blest!  
Oh, grant that I may do Thy will, and then  
Await Thy revelation. Lord, Amen!”

He rose. A heavenly peace was on his face,  
E’en when they mocked him in the market-place.

## LIGHT

A BLIND man, just outside the gate  
With outstretched hands to sit and wait,  
Hearing of earth and sea and sky,  
And helped by unseen passers-by,  
Such a sad, hopeless man was I.

A voice once broke the dreary day:  
“There is a man who comes this way,  
Who can, if people say aright,  
Even to such as thee give sight.”  
I said, “For me there is no light.”

But deep within my troubled heart  
I felt a little hope upstart,  
And at each step my heart beat fast;  
I wondered, “Has he come at last?  
Or has he long ere this gone past?”

Then in one happy hour He came.  
I heard His low voice speak my name;  
And then this blessing came to me  
Who once was blind, that now I see.  
This is my blind soul's history.

## THANKSGIVING

*For every good and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Light, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.—JAMES 1:17.*

THANKS for each perfect gift sent from above,  
Thanks for each token of Heavenly love,  
Thanks for Thy power, Thy grandeur and  
    might,  
Father of all of us, Father of light.

Thanks for the beauties that fair nature shows,  
Thanks for the blossoms of lily and rose,  
Thanks for the sunshine, so warm and so bright,  
Father of all of us, Father of light.

Thanks for the balm of the sweet morning air,  
Thanks for the evening with rest from all care,  
Thanks for Thy blessings, new morning and  
    night,  
Father of all of us, Father of light.

Thanks for Thy mercy in which we can trust,  
Thanks for Thy rain on the just and unjust,  
Thanks for Thy spirit to lead us aright,  
Father of all of us, Father of light.

Thanks for the burden of sin Thou dost lift,  
Thanks for Thy great and unspeakable Gift,  
Thanks for all this, which we cannot requite,  
Father of all of us, Father of light.



## A WAYSIDE FLOWER

A LITTLE wayside flower, I spring  
Where dusty grasses droop and die,  
Where nothing tempts the butterfly,  
And no bird stays its rapid wing  
To pause and sing.

I do not wear a brilliant hue;  
I have no sweet or rare perfume;  
Am scarcely worth my growing room;  
And yet upon me falls the dew,  
The sunshine too.

They say that flowers fair to see  
In yonder cool, green garden stand,  
Tended by gentle lady's hand  
And kissed by butterfly and bee —  
So unlike me.

Why I was made I do not know.  
I trust it was not done in vain.  
I lift my head in sun and rain,  
And as my Father bids me, so  
I bloom and grow.

## A SPRING MORNING IN PARIS

### IN DAYS OF PEACE

MORNING in Paris! Through my window  
streams

The orange-colored light in radiant sweep,  
Crowning the shining city of my dreams,  
And waking lovely Paris from her sleep.

Opposite, the Louvre lies sparkling in the sun,  
The Pont Royal is springing o'er the Seine;  
With foaming prow the heavy tow-boats run,  
The waves behind them in a golden train.

Down in the garden of the Tuileries,  
With the full foliage fresh in morning light,  
Like nymphs and fauns, beneath the arching  
trees,

I see the marble statues, gleaming white.

In golden sunrise, like a mystic mass,  
Nôtre-Dame floats, a fair temple of the skies,  
And down among the mist wreathes, as they  
pass,

The chimney-pots of La Cité arise.

The little milliners with boxes brown  
Who cross the Pont du Carrousel are gay.  
The cabmen tell the gossip of the town  
By the long line of cabs upon the Quai.

I hear the opening doors, the morning cries,—  
And Paris, lovely Paris, is awake,  
Forgetting all her weeks of leaden skies.  
Joyous and glad for that bright morning's sake.

## NOVEMBER BLOOM

JUNE came and smiled where the garden was  
growing;  
Smiled, and set all the roses to blowing.  
My branches bore  
Leaves ; nothing more.

Sweet was the sun, and the fresh breeze of  
morning.  
Gaily the garden put on its adorning.  
Alone, in that hour,  
I had no flower.

Oh, how like flame the red roses were glowing!  
Oh, how like snow the white petals were blowing!  
I must stand there,  
Desolate, bare.

Over the branches the gay blossoms covered,  
Bright birds were flitting, and butterflies  
hovered.  
Not even a bee  
Lingered by me.

Maidens and children with fair flowing tresses  
Gave the glad blossoms their loving caresses.  
In the sun's heat,  
Cold my heart beat.

Gone is the time of the sweet summer weather;  
Roses and sunshine have vanished together.  
Branches are bare;  
Frost in the air.

But, O joy without limit or measure!  
Close to my bosom I cherish a treasure.  
See where it blows,—  
One pale little rose.

## THRENODY

WE laid our baby 'neath the snow ;  
As cold was he.  
Pale as the palest flowers that blow,  
But his curls had still a golden glow,  
And his little lips were smiling so,—  
But not at me.

The house at home was dark and lone,  
And lone were we.  
But though in time the sunlight shone,  
And though we stifled sigh and moan,  
The weight at heart lies like a stone,  
So heavily.

We cannot solve by any lore  
Life's mystery ;  
But yet we love a little more,  
Our hearts are tenderer than before,  
And faith looks up through sorrow sore,  
God's love to see.

## ADIEU

O YOUTH, so bright and strong and bravely gay!  
On distant hilltops rests a golden glow;  
Voices far off are calling thee to go.  
Alas! I dare not plead with thee to stay,  
For now it is the morning of thy day.  
The steepness of the road full well I know;  
Struggles, defeats, rejoicings turned to woe,  
Triumphs that fail, and joys that long delay.

For me the quiet room, and peace and rest,  
Sunset, and easy chair, and open fire;  
For thee, far-stretching lands and shining seas,  
The weary climb, the never-ending quest:  
And yet I say not, "Cease from thy desire."  
Mayhap 'tis thou may find Hesperides.

## LOST EDEN

WE sat alone and talked of many things  
Till twilight came. With swift and silent wings  
The swallows darted in the crimson glow.  
We idly watched them skimming to and fro,  
When, flitting from the unknown like the birds,  
A thought came to me, and I gave it words.

“ How did Eve bear her burden of regret,  
When all her toil and sorrow must be met  
Far from the garden of her heart's desire,  
Shut out forever by a sword of fire? ”

My friend made answer, “ Not with clamor-  
ous tears,  
And loud reciting of her hopes and fears,  
For all such lamentations were in vain  
To voice her sorrows or assuage her pain.  
No coming trouble could her heart appall,  
For she had met the worst that could befall,  
And if one hope still dwelt within her breast,  
It was that pain and labor might bring rest.

“ But sometimes, drifting in a peaceful dream,  
She found herself again by Eden's stream,  
And heard the waters singing through the  
bowers  
Of twining branches and of perfect flowers ;  
Then saw the avenging angel's awful gaze,



And woke,— to tread again earth's weary ways.  
In after years they deemed that she forgot  
The joys of Eden that were once her lot,  
Nor dreamed there dwelt within her bosom yet  
The lasting burden of a great regret."

"Surely, she spent her grief at Eden's gate.  
Why do you give," said I, "so cruel a fate?"

I scarcely knew if my friend smiled or sighed.  
"I, too, have lost my Eden," she replied.

## REST

A LITTLE child upon my mother's breast,  
Her tender, loving arms about me pressed,  
Peaceful and still, I knew not any care,  
For all my troubles were for her to bear,  
And her dear presence made my moments blessed.

Now older grown, and by life's cares oppressed,  
I often long for that sweet place of rest,  
And wish myself, in sadness and despair,  
A little child.

But still I hope, though weary and distressed  
And knowing well that I have oft transgressed,  
That I may find a place as safe and fair  
As were my mother's arms, and enter there,  
With all my troubles gone, my sins confessed,—  
A little child.

## ON THE BORDER

As children waiting in a lonely room,  
Turn toward the opening door their eager gaze,  
Knowing their mother comes with tender ways  
And sweet caresses to dispel their gloom ;

Or flowers that shiver in the breath of night  
And turn pale faces toward the rising sun,  
Rejoice that their long vigil now is done  
And they may bask beneath its warmth and  
light ;

Thus she is waiting now with longing eyes  
Till comes for her the dawning of the day  
When she shall cast her earthly chains away,  
And enter where her Land of Promise lies.

Then shall her spirit wide its wings unfold ;  
In all its beauty, Truth delight her soul ;  
Knowledge its treasures to her mind unroll ;  
And Love's strong arm her happy heart uphold.

She who has shared with us our joy and woe ;  
She who has cheered us through our darkest  
hours ;  
Gathered the thorns that we might have the  
flowers ;  
How can we keep her? How can let her go?

## PARTED

As long ago knights sought the Holy Grail  
With hearts too brave and true to feel dismay  
At all the toil and conflict in the way,  
So I shall seek her, though I seem to fail,  
On through the ages till my search avail;  
Dreading no danger, making no delay,  
While the high hope of meeting her some day  
Shall arm my courage like a coat of mail.

And if at last shut out from that far land  
Where pure-faced angels dwell, I shall rejoice  
And ask no larger share of heaven's sweet  
If just outside the gateway I may stand,  
To hear the far-off music of her voice,  
Or the faint footfalls of her passing feet.

## IN MEMORIAM

WEEP not for me. I have had golden hours  
When her sweet spirit from her eyes would shine,  
Stirring my soul as with a power divine :  
And as a seed beneath the springtide showers  
Feels swell within its heart new hopes and  
    powers,  
So, when her brave, pure spirit spoke to mine,  
I felt its inspiration, strong and fine,  
And rose up toward the sunshine, like the flowers.

Weep not for me. Such joys you have not  
    known,  
Or would not dream that I should sit forlorn,  
Wiping away the blinding tears that flow ;  
But holding that dear past as still my own,  
In thinking of her I forget to mourn,  
While thanking God that He once blessed me so.

## “ELAN VITALE”

It moves the planets as they pass,  
The seasons in their train;  
I see it in the growing grass  
And in the golden grain.

I hear it where the waters run;  
It stirs the tossing sea;  
And in the radiance of the sun  
Comes sweeping down to me.

It brings the blooming of the flowers;  
It drives the falling rain,  
And fills the passing of the hours  
With sorrow, joy, and pain.

It speeds the heavy tread of men  
Along the city street;  
And urges little children when  
They pass with dancing feet.

In desert solitudes I know  
Its impulse strong and free;  
It sends the great thoughts as they go  
Through others and through me.

And though I do not know its source,  
Its end cannot divine,  
Yet for a moment in their course,  
All these great things are mine.

## LOVE AND DEATH

I SAW Love standing, sweet and calm and fair,  
Hope in her eyes and sunshine on her hair,  
With softly folded hands, as if in prayer.

From the dim shadows of an unknown land,  
Robed all in black, mysterious and grand,  
Came Death, a great sword gleaming in his hand.

“Oh, flee,” I cried, “from one so dark and  
dread!”

But Love moved forward with uplifted head:  
“Him I must follow. Love and Death are wed.”

## OLD COMRADE

LONG we've travelled side by side,  
Dear old Comrade, true and tried.  
We have toiled through many years,  
Joys and sorrows, smiles and tears.  
Starting young and strong and gay,  
Now our heads are bowed and gray.

There were long and dreary days,  
When we walked through weary ways.  
Still we kept upon our quest,  
Sang our song and made our jest.  
With the freedom love ensures,  
Yours was mine, and mine was yours.

Come, old Comrade, down the hill  
Toward the sunset, calm and still,  
Where our last bed shall be made  
Underneath the cypress shade.  
Drooping head and weary feet  
Shall find resting very sweet.

Come, old Comrade, you and I  
Know that love can never die.  
When our burdens down we lay,  
There shall dawn another day;  
An adventure glad and free  
Lies ahead for you and me.



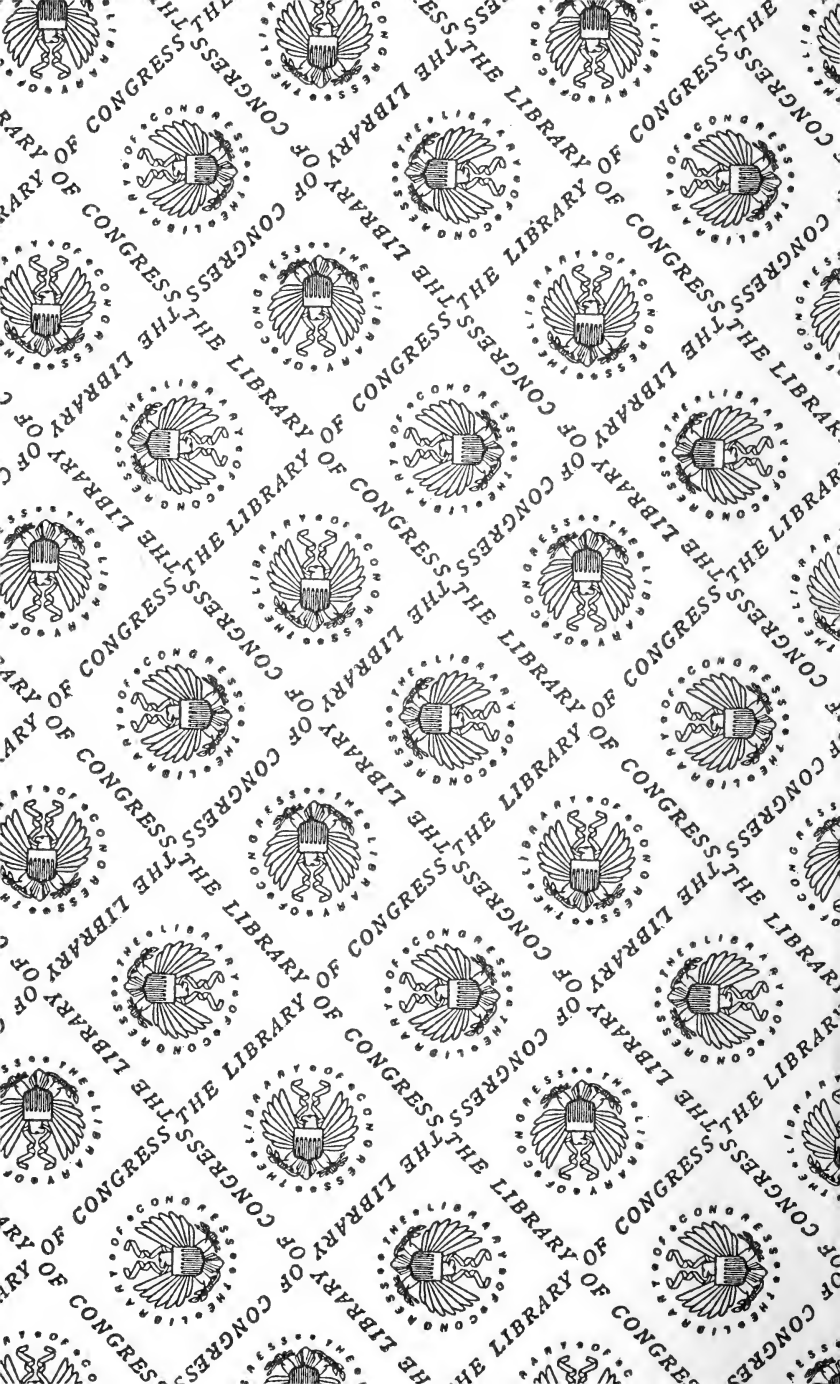












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